

Can't Forget About You

Nas

There comes a day in your life when you wanna kick back
Straw hat on the porch when you old perhaps
Wanna gather your thoughts, have a cold one
Brag, to your grandkids about how life is golden
So I will light a cigar in the corridor of the crib
Pictures on the wall of all the things that I did
All the money and fame, eight by tens
Of the whole Rat Pack inside of a big frame
Collidin' with big names that could've made your career stop
All that, and your man is still here, and I'm still hot
Wow, I need a moment y'all
See, I almost felt a tear drop When was the last time you heard a real anthem?
Nas, the millionaire, the mansion
When was the last time you heard your boy Nas rhyme?
Never on schedule, but always on time These streets hold my deepest days
This hood taught me golden ways
Made me, truly this is what made me
Break me, not a thing's gonna break me
These streets hold my deepest days
This hood taught me golden ways
Made me, truly this is what made me
Break me, not a thing's gonna break me Oh, I'm that history, I'm that block
I'm that lifestyle, I'm that spot
I'm that kid by the number spot
That's my past that made me hot
Here's my life long anthem
Can't forget about you
(Can't forget about, can't forget about you)
(Can't forget about, can't forget about you) Can't forget about the old school, Bam, Cas, Melle Mel, Flash
Rocksteady spinnin' on they back
Can't forget when the first rap Grammy went to Jazzy, Fresh Prince
Fat Boys broke up; rap hasn't been the same since
So irregular, how it messed you up
When Mr. T became a wrestler
Can't forget about Jordan's retirement
The shot Robert Horry to win the game in the finals, kid
Some things are forever, some things are not
It's the things we remember that gave the world shock
They stay in a place in your mind so snug

Like who the person was with whom you first make love
When was the last time you heard a real anthem?

Nas, the millionaire, the mansion

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Can't forget about you

(Can't forget about, can't forget about you)
Unforgettable, unsubmitable, I go by N now

Just one syllable; it's the end 'cause the game's tired

It's the same vibe Good Times had right after James died

That's why the gangsta rhymers ain't inspired

Heinous crimes help record sales more than creative lines

And I don't wanna keep bringing up the greater times

But I'm a dreamer, nostalgic with the state of mind

The past the past, enough of it, a'ight then

But nothing gives me chills like Douglas and Tyson

Or Mike when his talk was live

Or when he first did the moon walk on Motown 25
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These streets hold my deepest days

This hood taught me golden ways

Made me, truly this is what made me

Break me, not a thing's gonna break me
That's why, darling, it's incredible

That someone so unforgettable

Thinks that I am unforgettable too

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